The Commonweal

February 29, 1952

World Hunger and Sister Elizabeth Ann

Julie Bedier

The Long Loneliness of Dorothy Day

H. A. Reinhold

EMMET LAVERY • DONALD McDONALD • FRANCIS DOWNING

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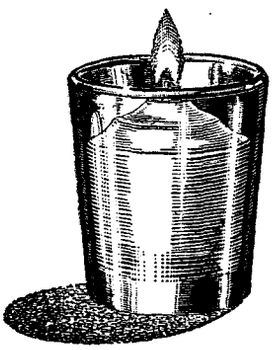

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EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Editor*
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Contributing Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM, ANNE FREMANTLE

JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Potential Partners

THERE is something very familiar about current Franco-German tensions as the NATO powers gather in Lisbon to push forward mutual defense plans. It is not only that current differences between France and Germany have been simmering for months. But so many issues on which the two are sharply divided go straight back to the days between the wars.

The Saar is a notable example. The French seem to be trying to hang on to that concentration of heavy industry today in almost precisely the way they did after the first World War. French insistence on limiting the German army also had its prototype in the 1920's and 1930's. Finally, there is the same strong impulse to obtain an ironclad Anglo-American guarantee of French security.

Back of all that is a traditional antagonism that goes back for hundreds of years. It was virulent all along—in the days of Bismarck, Napoleon, the French Revolution, Louis XIV. The feelings of the French and Germans towards each other are deep-seated; they have been inculcated from childhood. Each people has its bitter memories of invasion by the other, its resentments of harsh peace terms exacted after military defeats.

For the French, the whole question has been particularly agonizing. The most recent battles—and a large part of the destruction—have taken place on French soil. In recent decades the French have been obsessed by a growing fear—a fear based on the unavoidable knowledge that Germany was continually increasing an already heavy power advantage. The Germans had an ever-growing edge in manpower, weapons, heavy industry and general technical proficiency. The French must now find it particularly disquieting that defeated Germany is the one European nation to stage an economic comeback since the war.

When to all this is added the fact that the Germans are putting a higher and higher price on their participation in the North Atlantic defenses, the uneasiness in France can be readily understood. Particularly as the restoration of full sovereignty is one of the leading German demands. An emergence of a new and powerful German army and the removal of restrictions against cartels able to dominate the Continent constitute a fearful prospect for the French.

Of course there is a German side to this troubled story. There is little about the coveted Saar, for instance, that is specifically French. But the main need is to find a way of bringing France and Germany together in a common effort—at first to unite them against a common enemy, perhaps, and then to persuade them to coordinate their efforts to develop a federal Europe that politically and economically will be a going concern.

Certain lines can be pursued. If German units can little by little be integrated into a European army in such a way that they are in no position to withdraw and reassemble as a powerful and independent German force, much of the French fear would be assuaged. If the Schuman Plan can be fully developed on a continental basis, the danger of German economic dictation would subside. While if, for their part, the Germans are permitted to participate in these international activities as sovereign equals, they will become much more willing to work for the regeneration of Western Europe as a whole.

That these possibilities exist compensates for a number of the drawbacks of the moment: the weakness of both moderate French and German governments; England's concentration on her own survival; the reduced goals for the joint armed forces; the postponement from mid-'52 of completion of the preliminary defense system. To realize that a retarded and diminished state of defense embodies less provocation for the USSR should provide little solace when sheer

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power calls the plays. But present Franco-German difficulties have reached such peak importance that all concerned are now impelled to face what has long constituted the root problem in Western Europe.

Neighbors

WHEN anything comes along that even vaguely threatens to depress property values, a normally individualistic and lethargic residential neighborhood springs to life. Cicero, Illinois, produced one such notorious incident during the year. But the "threat" to a neighborhood need not involve the crucial race question nor violence of any kind. When a small community of Anglican nuns sought, the other day, to purchase a house in Montclair, N. J., that had been vacant but for a caretaker for over fifteen years, the neighbors rose virtually to a man to persuade that town to refuse the nuns permission. Neighbors in suburban America are a touchy lot.

There is really little to be wondered at that the homeowners in the Southwood residential district of South San Francisco have turned away college-bred Sing Sheng and his Chinese-American wife. Several aspects of the incident are, however, particularly disquieting. After Mr. Sheng had made a big down payment on a $12,500 South Francisco home, some of the neighbors intimated that if he bought the house, he could expect the children of the neighborhood to pelt his new home with rocks and garbage.

Mr. Sheng has been in this country for the past five years and he had been convinced by what he had heard about American democracy. He decided to put the matter to a vote—a vote by secret ballot. He was stunned by the result: 174 neighbors opposed to his moving in, 28 in favor and 14 abstaining. The property values of the neighborhood had been upheld; the neighborhood was to remain 100 percent Caucasian.

Racism in America, it would seem, is not simply a regional problem; it is not a sin that we can lay only at the feet of our white compatriots in the South. It is everywhere. It requires only a consideration as close to home as property values to bring it forward. How few there are who in all honesty can cast the first stone.

Yet there is the obverse side of the lamentable Sing Sheng incident. There are the twenty-eight local residents who would have welcomed the Shengs into their midst. There were the individual and organized protests that went up in California and all over the country. There were the dozen and more offers of homes and building plots for the Shengs in other American communities.

American race relations are now in transition. We have far to go and the pace is slow, but there is some progress. The contradiction between racist attitudes and our American ideals is beginning to impress itself on the people of every region.

CIO Arbitrator

ANNOUNCEMENT by the major unions of the CIO that they have selected an arbitrator to settle jurisdictional disputes which may arise among them should be welcome news for everyone. Jurisdictional disputes account for only an extremely small percentage of the nation's strikes, but of all types of strikes they are the hardest for the general public to understand and the most difficult for the unions to explain.

Actually, the problems behind jurisdictional disputes are often very complex and difficult of solution, especially since in the long run the livelihood of many union members may hinge upon the decision one way or the other. But the CIO unions have now done the only sensible thing by agreeing to negotiate all such disputes among themselves and if necessary to submit to binding arbitration.

Chosen for the new post was Dr. George W. Taylor, chairman of the War Labor Board in World War II and formerly head of the Wage Stabilization Board. It seems that all concerned are to be congratulated, and it may be hoped that this appointment will eventually lead to some similar machinery capable of arbitrating all such jurisdictional disputes, in the CIO or elsewhere.

Royalty Dwindles

THERE were but a handful of kings and queens left to attend the funeral of George VI; yet freedom seems more limited in the world now than when the thrones were many. Who was primarily responsible for the illusion that the end of royal rule would be synonymous with human liberty—William Hohenzollern by his bluster or Woodrow Wilson with his catch phrases?

The modern dictator, whatever his political complexion, is more of an absolute ruler than his royal predecessors ever were. By force, or by unopposed persuasion, he is able to assume powers

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which loyal subjects never would have permitted their crowned monarchs. Could this have to do with the dictator's plebeian origin?

The kings and queens at George VI's cortege were themselves the representatives of a dying institution. And before it fades into oblivion we might take note of the checks and balances it did sometimes provide.

Senator Taft's Campaign

THE election is a good many months away, but Senator Taft is not standing still waiting for the Republican nomination to be handed to him. Determined not to lose out this time, the Senator is using on a national scale the same vigorous tactics that rolled up a whopping majority for him in his last Senatorial campaign. Out of the campaign he is waging and the current welter of rumors, polls and contradictory statements, two facts emerge clearly.

The first is that Senator Taft, even if he does not now have the votes necessary to assure his nomination, is in a very strong position and is getting stronger daily. The old political maxim has it that you can't beat somebody with nobody. General Eisenhower is a long way from being nobody, but he is at the moment a little too close to being the Invisible Man for the comfort of his supporters.

Judging by the tenor of Senator Taft's remarks during recent weeks, the second fact is this: if Taft is nominated, discussion of domestic problems during the campaign will take a back seat to foreign policy.

Ideally, one should be able to look to the Opposition not merely for criticism but for responsible criticism. The British, for example, have long been able to achieve this in the area of foreign policy. In the Senate Senator Taft has often filled the same role. But his recent remarks raise serious doubts that completely responsible criticism is what he is offering on his current swing around the fried-chicken circuit.

One of the troubles with the MacArthur affair —and for that matter, with the Eisenhower candidacy to a lesser extent—was the danger it contained of catapulting our military leadership head-over-heels into politics. In his recent speech in Seattle, Senator Taft has now carried this danger one step further by stating that he has no confidence in the present Chiefs of Staff. This tack may appeal to followers of MacArthur, who would undoubtedly like to see the General placed in charge, but turning the military machinery into a political football can hardly promote national welfare.

On tour, Senator Taft likes to refer to the war in Korea as "Truman's war—a useless war." No matter how ready the audience for such an expression, Taft's use of it indicates, perhaps as well as anything, the nature of the dual role he is now playing in American public life.

For the duration of the campaign, some kind of distinction will probably have to be made between Taft the Candidate and Taft the Legislator. On the floor of the Senate Taft has often shown himself willing and able to think problems through and to accept the responsibility for his decisions. In this capacity Senator Taft has earned a reputation for positive and responsible leadership, whether or not one agrees with him.

As a contender for the Republican nomination, however, Taft can more easily slip into the largely negative position he sometimes enjoys as the leading critic of the Administration. He can criticize this point and that point at his fancy, without necessarily presenting any integrated program of action which would in fact represent his course of action were he elected to the Presidency.

It is for some such reason as this that many political commentators are saying that Taft's election would not actually change our basic foreign policy, aside from non-essential changes in stress and emphasis. If elected to the Presidency, the argument goes, Senator Taft will be no more able to abolish reality than any other man. And our basic foreign policy, despite its shortcomings, is one designed to conform to what on the international scene constitute the facts of life.

Slowly, painfully, at great expense of time, trouble and money—and for our own protection —we have been erecting a structure of collective security against totalitarian aggression. We are putting iron in the determination of the still-free nations to resist invasion, while simultaneously we race the clock to forge military might and social stability necessary to implement that determination. In that developing pattern the Korean war, for example, occupies a pivotal position.

To create a community of free nations is a great undertaking, and in large measure the future of the world as we know it depends upon the success of this venture. The increasing heat of the campaign should not blind us to the importance of this effort, nor to the tremendous strides we have already taken toward our goal. It is in this perspective that campaign remarks such as those of Senator Taft should be judged.

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Left and Right

IN THE United States, maybe in all countries, there are a political Left and a political Right. Perhaps, too, there is a dead Center, but few can walk that narrow lane through life without veering in one direction or the other.

During the past twenty years the American Left, in the broadest sense of the term, has been known under many different names. It has been the New Deal, later the Fair Deal; at one time or another it has been something called Interventionism, something called Internationalism and has long been identified with something else that might be called Interracialism. It has been associated with Labor (as opposed to Capital), with Welfarism (as opposed to Free Enterprise), and with Liberalism (as opposed to Conservatism).

These, of course, are only words; their flavor depends largely on who is using them. I know people who sigh Liberalism as if it were a prayer, and others who spit out the word like a poison. One man may hear the words New Deal and they will mean many good things to him, however many reservations he may have about Franklin D. Roosevelt or Harry S. Truman. New Deal to such a man may be a short way of saying social security, a living wage, fair employment practices, national health services, decent housing legislation. When another man hears the same words they gain bitter connotations: statism, coercive restrictions, paternalism, red tape, high taxes.

At this date (almost twenty years since the first Roosevelt inauguration) many of us tend to react to political issues like Pavlov's dogs. In terms of Right and Left, one man's meat may be another man's ration book. Liberalism may be spelled Statism or Free Enterprise spelled Slavery. Anything labeled Fair Deal may almost automatically be taken as a raw deal by one group, while the other tends to equate Labor with virtue and Capital with crime.

At times it seems hardly necessary to get very specific about issues but only to label them Left or Right, for political labels can carry the day. There is reason behind this too, because the labels actually do designate basic loyalties with fair accuracy. It seems no exaggeration, at this date, to say that thoughtful adults have generally made up their minds about the larger, indefinable positions called Left and Right and take their stands accordingly. When you know men, or movements, or publications well enough, know what side of the street they live on, you are rarely surprised by the attitudes they take on immediate issues.

How people happen to give their loyalties in the first place, what leads one person to go right and another left, I am not prepared to say. But it does seem true that few thinking Americans reach maturity without facing the choice and making it. Perhaps in many cases the original choice was highly intellectual, thought-out. But, man being what he is, the emotional soon assumes key importance.

Once the political loyalty—Left or Right—is forged, it undoubtedly colors attitudes, adds or detracts emphasis, elicits or inhibits sympathy and to some extent predetermines what sort of virtue one is prone to hail and what kind of evil one is quickest to denounce. It seems to make us tolerant or to make us harsh, to make us understanding or obtuse, depending on the nature of what is being judged, whether it be Left or Right.

A restrictive covenant may seem heinous to one group and comparatively harmless to another. Why? Because that specific evil, racism, is something we tend to look at from right or left and we see it in smaller or larger terms, depending on which direction we are looking from. The presence of a fellow-traveler in the cast of a television soap-opera may be a cause of great concern to one group, while the other (no more sympathetic to Communism) seems almost indifferent. Then the same indifferentists will be very easily aroused by any activity of an even faintly fascistic nature. So it goes.

Within recent years the opposition in the United States between Left and Right has been focused on issue after issue, but it would take an historian, a sociologist and a psychiatrist working together to explain why each, in given instances, reacted as it did. I know, for example, that every time a person of suspected loyalty comes up for investigation the Right (the word is only a convenience, remember) seems ready, even eager, to believe that everything charged is true; it seems to greet every conviction with something very like gloating and every acquittal as a probable fraud. I know too that the Left (again a manner of speaking) is emotionally pulled the other way. It is as if every treason represented a perverse victory for the Right and a defeat for the Left—victory and defeat, that is, for personalities and for their opposing points of view on all the separate national and international issues of the last twenty years.

The Right seems actually to want to regard Hiss as the living incarnation of all that it suspected of the New Deal through the years instead of as a traitor to the spirit of the native American Left as well as to his country. The Left seems almost to welcome the mood and meaning of Senator McCarthy as summing up all it has worked against, instead of recognizing that he too is a sad anomaly. Probably due to the same emotional alignment, the one is inclined to minimize the malice of such treason as Hiss has been found guilty of; the other finds it almost impossible to face up to a moral evaluation of Senator McCarthy's methods.

None of this makes much sense, except in terms of emotion, but I think it underlies many controversies and disagreements. Left and Right, as political and psychological constants, will continue to meet. As long as the protagonists of one view are, in the eyes of their opponents, burdened with the guilt of all that is unflatteringly summed up by Senator McCarthy's name, and while their opponents are marked with the stigma of Communist traitors, the tension between the two will not be the healthy, creative thing it should be in a democracy. That is a loss—to Left and Right alike.

JOHN COGLEY.

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World Hunger and One Nun

Sister Elizabeth Ann, of Maryknoll, faced up to the problem of getting food in South China.

By JULIE BEDIER

WHEN Sister Elizabeth Ann came back to the United States after twenty-eight years in China, she found herself a stranger and an alien in her own country. Amazed, she saw workmen driving to work in automobiles —their own. Still more amazed, she noted quantities of wood lying at roadsides and in vacant lots. There were old railway ties, fallen trees, scraps of lumber, just resting in piles; nobody to take them away furtively, quickly, as something precious, to be hoarded and used meagerly to boil up the daily rice.

As the train carried the missionary Sister from the Pacific Coast across the continent she watched the skittering landscape in growing amazement. Here were hillsides growing no millet or beans; swamps growing no rice. There were acres and acres, miles upon miles of land, filled with grass and dandelions, or brush and trees, or weeds and sunflowers. She was looking upon her own country with Asiatic eyes, and it would take a long time to get back an American point of view. Perhaps no one who has lived in the Orient ever becomes wholly Americanized again. Like the risen Lazarus she has looked on life from the other side of the world, and something has burned deep into the soul which can never be erased.

Sister Elizabeth Ann had been busy during the quarter of a century she had spent in China—too busy to read many American periodicals. Indeed she was more accustomed to reading and speaking Chinese than English. She was therefore ignorant of the widespread controversy on world hunger. She had not heard the cry of those labeled experts that available agricultural land is all used up and producing to capacity; that it takes two acres of land to feed one person; that future generations face starvation.

Famines in India and China she knew, but American population planners and their demand for world-wide birth-control had not penetrated her little corner of South China. If they had, her jolly, sun-browned face would have broken into a broad smile. For Sister Elizabeth Ann had been managing a farm in South China for the past twenty years. Nothing points the way like a concrete example. Statisticians and enthusiasts can plan and plan; "figgers don't lie, but liars do figger." And no number of written pages on world hunger and overpopulation can be taken seriously when a sane, sunburned and dynamic little person says, smiling, "Here is what we did, and the results were so-and-so."

SISTER ELIZABETH ANN (this is not her real name) is a Maryknoll missionary who was assigned to South China in 1923. After a few years in a port city learning to speak, read, and write Cantonese, she was sent to a village in the interior to build up a community of native Chinese nuns. With her were only two other American Sisters. A number of fine young Catholic Chinese girls, aspirants to the native sisterhood, were waiting, and the Sisters immediately began to train them. They were given the equivalent of a Normal School education with special training in the teaching of Christian Doctrine and in dispensary work. They were also trained in the religious life, over a number of years, before vows of any kind were taken.

When permission came from Rome to establish the native community, the Holy See requested that the Chinese nuns be trained and set up in some kind of remunerative work so that they would be self-supporting. Happily, Sister Elizabeth Ann herself had a rural background, having been brought up on a New England farm. The Chinese aspirants were nearly all farmers' daughters from little inland villages and used to heavy field work. Unless some sort of farm work was kept up there was danger that they might grow to consider themselves lily-fingered ladies and look upon the religious life as one of comparative ease and elegance. They would then be of little use when sent back to the villages to work among their own people.

Julie Bedier is a member of the Maryknoll community of Dominican Sisters and was herself a missionary in Korea.

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The Bishop had assigned the Sisters a plot of land to go with their convent. Across the way stood his native seminary of Chinese candidates for the prieshood. The Sisters were to do the cooking for these boys, as well as the work of their own household. In addition, Sister Elizabeth Ann arranged for each native girl to spend one hour daily working outside on the "farm."

The "farm" consisted of two acres. That was all. The soil was poor and sandy, leached by the monsoon rains. Over a period of twenty years the Sisters built it up into high production, raising all the produce needed (except wheat and rice) for a group of from twenty to forty native Sisters, as well as for over twenty boys in the seminary. They also furnished produce for the poor and refugees, and occasional vegetables and fruit for the seven American priests in the neighboring compound who taught in the seminary and were occupied with administrative duties.

The Sisters could easily have raised enough rice and wheat, too, by planting a little more land, but they decided against it, since grain has to be tended continually by watchmen who stay in the fields and scare away the voracious birds. Mass and religious exercises at regular times would have made such a program inconvenient, so the Sisters bought their grain.

Sister Elizabeth Ann's idea was to keep mostly to local products and to sell or trade them locally. The Sisters, who never had much money, began by buying a freshly weaned gilt (to city-bred readers, a female pig or young sow). They kept her and bred her to raise pigs. Some of the pigs were then fattened and slaughtered, and from them the Sisters made Chinese sausage, ham, and bacon, cured in soy sauce and wine, the native way.

Those pigs not needed for food were sold at a good profit. There was always a long waiting list for convent pigs because they were healthier than the other local pigs. The Chinese farmers skimp on feed for their sows and their pigs are likely to be weakly. The Sisters fed theirs plenty of mash made of kitchen scraps, greens, and rice bran, so the sows were always in fine condition. In time they kept two or three.

Later on they had a chance to get some fine Australian sows with straight backs. These made firmer bacon than the Chinese pigs, which are hardy but flabby, with concave backs and bellies that drag on the ground. The Sisters crossed their Australian sows with the local swine and produced a hybrid pig with Chinese hardiness but with straight back and firm bacon like the Australian type. Chinese farmers came from miles away to see the pigs with straight backs, and the newly weaned pigs sold well, bringing a good income.

The Sisters also bought some Chinese chickens. They fed the fowl on rice bran and garden vegetables. The flock, which varied in numbers, kept sixty to ninety people in eggs and provided frequent meals of fried, boiled, or roast chicken.

THERE WAS a pond in one corner of the farm. The Sisters began to raise ducks—the Muscovy kind that do not quack. The ducks got a great deal of their living from the pond and the mud along its shores, eating frogs, pollywogs, slugs and snails. The Sisters also fed them rice bran. In three months a duckling would grow to weigh eight pounds—fine, fat and tender, ready for the pot.

When the sows began to farrow, a local Chinese woman was engaged to sit beside them and play midwife. She kept a basket of bran at her side and as soon as a piglet was born she put it in the basket. Thus losses from chilling or crushing were prevented and all the pigs usually lived. In America many pigs are lost, a litter averaging about eight sound pigs.

One of the young American Sisters assigned to help Sister Elizabeth Ann was in a state of hectic excitement when, for the first time after her arrival, one of the sows began to farrow. She took her knitting and a little stool and sat beside the Chinese woman helper in the sow's pen. Every few minutes she would speed to the convent, grasp Sister Elizabeth Ann by the arm and shrill in a voice shaking with emotion: "Now don't get excited, Sister—there's another one!" In all, fourteen pigs were born, and the young Sister, city-bred, was breathless from this contact with life and its mysteries, her first encounter with God's blessing on all creation, making it increase and multiply.

Soon the Sisters had a chance to get some turkey eggs from foreign sources. They hatched these under a sitting hen and raised them on bean-curd and chopped chives, cooked rice and greens and bran. The birds did well, and were a curiosity in the countryside; people came from miles around to have their pictures taken with the Sisters' turkeys.

This flock, together with the hybrid pigs, made a kind of drawing card to get people interested in the Church. Conversations that began with pigs and turkeys sometimes ended with the Redemption and the Blessed Trinity, not unlike the

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parables of Christ, Who spoke of hens and chickens, of fish, of nets and vines and pruning, and of putting dung around the roots of trees. The turkeys brought in some income and were a welcome treat, on feast days, roasted with chestnuts and dressing, or cooked shredded, with vegetables, in Chinese style.

The entire compound was used for production of some kind. The Sisters made compost from leaves, grass, weeds, every bit of kitchen waste that did not go to their livestock. This material, piled up in layers with manure from the pigs, chickens, turkeys and ducks, took only three months in the hot, humid South China climate to turn into well-processed compost. When finished it was black and spongy and had no odor except a woodsy smell as of mushrooms.

The Sisters kept two heaps going—one to pile fresh material on as gathered, one finished heap to put on the vegetables as crops were planted. A tank was kept full of liquid manure to spread on the garden. This, with the compost, and excellent care, prodded crops into huge productivity. Of course, every possible inch was dug and planted in neat rows, and, of course, no weed was allowed to grow. Chinese farmers are like that, and this was a Chinese farm; Chinese know-how and American enterprise made a good combination.

Many a basket of fresh vegetables from this garden brought stars to the eyes of hungry Chinese children. Refugees, victims of war, flood, banditry and famine, the thin and ragged youngsters often came carrying baskets, asking to help the Sisters with the garden work, and went home loaded with provisions. The Chinese seminarians formerly suffered from beri-beri, but that trouble ceased when the Sisters began to provide for them.

Rope is a commodity often needed on a farm-garden-and-livestock enterprise, and since it always seemed to be expensive and hard to get, the Sisters raised a few bushes of hemp and made their own rope on a native spinning wheel. They bought beeswax from farmers and made wax candles for use in the Churches. They also made vestments for the diocese. Such enterprises kept the native nuns busy during the wet season when outdoor work could not be done, and since the pastors in the diocese paid a nominal sum for these products, the convent was enabled to gain a little more self-support, necessary because the cost of hiring native teachers and educating the native girls over a period of many years was a great strain on their resources.

THROUGHOUT the years the productivity of the little farm grew, and the Sisters became more and more self-sufficient. Had not the cost of educating the native girls been high, their entire support might have been covered.

Finally Sister Elizabeth Ann had her duck pond enlarged a bit and stocked it with fish. She doesn't know what these fish would be called in English —some kind of Chinese fish that the natives raise in ponds. In China manure is dumped into the water to encourage growth among the small organisms which fish eat, and the fish thrive there mightily. The Sisters used to hire an old woman to pick up buffalo manure in a basket and dump it into the pond at intervals. Fine fat fish could be scooped up with a net and sold or used for food.

This fish venture was the last link in the series of enterprises to make the Sisters completely self-supporting, and Sister Elizabeth Ann took great pride and interest in it. Every morning after breakfast the small dynamic figure made the rounds of the two acre farm; the vegetable garden, the fruit trees, the pigs, the turkeys, the chickens. All were healthy and thriving with good care; greenness and growth and high fertility were everywhere in the dawn freshness under the morning sun. She always finished up at the pond, watching the antics of the busy ducks, and the darting, thriving fish. It was just coming into full production when the Reds took over the compound and put Sisters and priests in prison.

All is changed now. The native nuns move about secretly, keeping the Faith alive among the people, as do many of the students from the seminary, now ordained priests. Some suffer in Red prisons. Some have been martyred. It was not a very long time — twenty-eight years — in which to make a foundation and sow a seed, but there was happiness in the work itself.

During the months before her release and exile to America, Sister Elizabeth Ann prayed much for those boys and girls. But when she slept, she dreamed often of her farm. Most often, and with the biggest ache in her heart, of the fish pond and those fat, darting fish in the clear water. It never occurred to her that she had taken the figures and the plans of some hundreds of agricultural experts and population planners, and had knocked them neatly into the limbo of the meaningless. That was only an unnoticed by-product of those years of amazing fruitfulness.

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Man Is the Measure of History

TO THE BOOK about which I write, I shall bring very little, and in that I have the small and fugitive comfort that few men will bring very much to it. For we live in a world which is not distinguished by its faith nor by its courage, by greatness of mind nor by grace. In my own lifetime millions of men have died under the sounds of guns, as men in cold Korea are dying now, and it is not clear that all of them knew why they died or that the men who explain their deaths believe their own explanations. I live in a generation which has had perhaps less regard for human life, for its sanctity, its dignity or worth than any preceding generation in all of human time.

In the country in which I live there is much fear; the breadth and daring of human thought are much constricted, and men who work for other men dissemble the truth. A Senator of the United States moves like a bully through the land, leaving his very name and his malevolent mark, like the shadow of a gun, across the face of our times.

I believe that all men are born equal. But I cannot account for my belief unless I accept the proposition that they are equal only in what transcends them, that is that we find our equality in God. I can locate it nowhere else. If I did not believe that, I would not believe in equality; I could not believe in the right of man to affirm himself and to fulfill his spirit. If I *did not* believe, the mystery of life and especially the mystery of death would be much greater for me than they are.

Life has no meaning which I can perceive unless it lie in the contest of the human heart, the soul of man fighting against itself. But such a meaning presumes the existence of evil and of the knowledge of evil and the hope that from the contagion of its stain each of us can eventually be free.

Somewhere George Santayana has set it down that we Americans have no understanding of evil. It may be so, and there is the long espoused doctrine of man's infinite perfectibility to testify to it. I think that we are turning our backs on the doctrine of infinite perfectibility. Those who make the current plea for conservatism are asking us, in a sense, to believe what those who made our Constitution, what the Federalists, believed about men. They are not asking us to accept the Federalist conception of government but only the ethical doctrines behind it.

The new conservatism seeks such restoration, requiring the original doctrine to be somewhat refined. But the general desire is clear, nonetheless. Perhaps what I am trying to say has been most clearly stated by a young conservative who is uniquely aware of the historic experience of man. In his *Conservatism Revisited* Peter Viereck puts it thus:

> The conservative principles *par excellence* are proportion and measure; self-expression through restraint; preservation through reform; humanism and classical balance; a fruitful nostalgia for the permanent beneath the flux; and a fruitful obsession for unbroken historic continuity. These principles together create freedom, a freedom not built on the quicksands of adolescent defiance but on the bedrock of ethics and law.

PUT IN THIS WAY, it is clear the argument between the liberal and the conservative in our own day is, as was the contest between Disraeli and Gladstone, an argument about means; it is not an argument about whether or not freedom shall be lessened, or even maintained, but as to how it shall be advanced. It is not an argument which is fashioned so that power may be captured, and being captured permanently held. It is not an argument about the use of the State, but about the degrees to which the State may be used. It is an argument about the location, to use Mr. Viereck's phrase, of the Statist Line.

Put in these terms it is not an argument about wholly different conceptions of political power, or about wholly differing conceptions of society. Men may disagree about whether or not the Taft-Hartley Law is "a slave law," or even an intelligent one, about whether Catholics should receive help from Federal Education bills, about whether Mr. Truman may send troops outside of our continental boundaries. But these are arguments largely constitutional in character, indicating arguable interpretations of a written instrument of government. All rhetoric aside, the divisions do not turn about the salvation or destruction of that written instrument, or about the form of government itself.

There is nowhere engaged an argument about the nature and meaning of law itself. Nowhere is it held, in these disputes, that law may be defined, as a friend of mine publicly proclaimed the other night, as "counter-violence." Not much ethical doctrine can be said to lie behind that kind of definition of law, nor is such a concept part of our American orthodoxy.

We are generally agreed, I think, that Saint Thomas Aquinas' definition of law — "nothing else than an ordinance of reason for the common good, made by him who has the care of the community" — is not seriously to be quarreled with. Vishinsky's idea that our law "is the corpus of rules of behavior expressing the rules of the ruling class . . . and secured by its [the State's] coercive power, in order to protect, to strengthen and to develop such social relations as are favorable to the ruling class," is not an idea which makes sense to us. Our liberals and our conservatives — I am not talking here about reaction — may argue about the justice of a given law, or about whether justice is strengthened or diminished by it. But that there is a common good and that justice actually has existence, which existence must be nourished, is something that is neither denied nor argued about.

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I AM not so naive as to think that contests in American history have had no existence, or that, as in the election of 1896, men did not try to manipulate people in order to achieve political victory. I am not so naive as to have missed the nature of the Roosevelt elections. I have been near to the heart of the labor movement too long to have missed the nature of the forces which opposed it with such violence. I have been too near it to be unaware of its essential meaning, which is that the laborer has thirsted after justice. He participated, and still does participate, in the conception of equality, an idea which has characterized the conduct of his fellow Americans from our beginnings. Frank Tannenbaum recently wrote that "the enormous energy of the United States has been disciplined by the ethical conception of political equality," and with such judgment only the extremist, the wholly visceral, could disagree.

Given such notions and such discipline we have kept ourselves from more than spasmodic terror and violence. Given such ethical restraints we have accepted the proposition that ours is a society wherein there is perpetual tension, "a doubtful equilibrium," as the young Arthur Schlesinger has put it, "constantly breeding strife and struggle."

Where, save in a country whose people have been so enormously disciplined as ours have been, could one watch, without literal wonder and near disbelief, the conduct of millions of poor and outcast Americans from 1929 to 1933? It is a thing forgotten by the professional agitator and by the professional anti-Communist alike. It accounts, in large measure I think, for the nugatory effect the Communists have had on Americans, and specifically on the Negro and the laborer.

As a nation we have been characterized by a generosity which almost surpasses belief. To Saint Paul's remark that "the greatest of these is charity," we have been significantly responsive. When we have taken advantage of the feebler, in our relations with foreign countries, we have suffered the torment of our national conscience. To this our behavior towards Latin and Central American countries, to the Filipinos, to the Chinese after the Boxer rebellion, for example, is expiating testimony.

That we have not been loved nonetheless, and that we have great power to irritate all of our foreign neighbors is as true as it is beside the present point. On the whole it may be said of us that we have possessed power and we have used it. We have even sought it and abused it. But on the whole it must be rightly said of us that we have been aware of what Pascal pointed out, that justice without power is of no avail.

Appeals for Literature

THE National Catholic Federation of Students, 42 Richmond Avenue, Auckland Park, Johannesburg, South Africa, asks for used copies of American Catholic periodicals to send out to Catholic students at various South African universities. The Society of the Catholic Apostolate, 1225 Monroe Street, N.E., Washington, D. C., asks for spiritual books or old reference books for their theological students. Rev. Father Hormistar, C.D., L. F. Manappuram, Kuthiathode; W.S.T.C., India, asks some dogmatic, history, ascetical and apolgetics books for his mission library.

I HAVE BEEN LED into these observations, as I noted at the outset, by a piece of writing which, by May, will be published in a book. The writing is that of Whittaker Chambers and it appears in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The editors of that publication speak of Chambers' story as "one of the great books of our time." I take it that they have read it all, and I shall have to wait for the whole of it.

But what Mr. Chambers is writing about is the idea of Man. Though he has been a Communist, and though he is right in saying that there are few ex-Communists, it remains fundamentally true that he once forgot what even now they still forget, what Mr. Chambers calls man's "scrap of soul." But it remains essentially true, too, that most Americans did not forget, and their not forgetting is part of the record of our historical experience. He will forgive me if I express the hope that in the tranquil recollection of his anger and his just bitterness against the character and conduct of his enemy, whose ally he once was, he will not forget it either.

For Whittaker Chambers is gifted with great power to write our language, and his influence on the minds of men will rightly be the greater because of that gift, or acquisition. Few men living in America show such respect for the English sentence, and over it few men have imposed such friendly but such firm control. Few men can so patently validate a claim to eloquence. I do not know that it is true that before the artist can make us weep he must first have wept himself. In any event, Mr. Chambers has great power to move us, and he does it not by artifice but by art. He does it, of course, out of deep feeling, but it is feeling which he has reined and disciplined and on which he has imposed his own form, as he has imposed on it, too, his own extraordinary and precisely used vocabulary.

Alone, of all his "sad fraternity" in the United States, Chambers is able—given all the other books of ex-Communists I have read—to flood his writing with the streaming light of high intelligence. Alone, of all of them, he has the surgically incisive power to understand what has happened in the long obscure night of his soul, and why it has happened, and to understand the inner meaning of it, and of what he has called his "indispensable ordeal." He has a deep, unashamed love of his children, to whom he is writing. He knows evil and has met it face to face, and has turned from it "slowly, reluctantly, and in agony." No one in our country has such power to make clear "the true nature of communism and the source of its power, which was the cause of my ordeal as a man and remains the historic ordeal of the world in the twentieth century."

FRANCIS DOWNING.

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The Stage

Williams and Dickens

EMLYN WILLIAMS, who is normally busy writing, directing, and acting his own plays, has taken a year or two off to go trouping through England and America reading excerpts from the novels of Charles Dickens. This is something Dickens himself did, of course, and Mr. Williams is following his author's itinerary, choice of selection (with certain exceptions), and even his costume. The evening is an extremely pleasant one, whether you are a dedicated Dickensian or no, and I think you will admire the reader's skill in bringing life to the narrative passages, as well as to the easier and more theatrical dialogues.

Let it be said that this is no Drama Quartette. Mr. Williams hasn't the unashamed intensity of either Laughton or Boyer, and he has shied away from Dickens' own *pièce de résistance,* the murder of Nancy from *Oliver Twist.* Granting the period melodrama, the fustian and the rhetoric, of the passage, I think that Laughton might have swung it; and that Mr. Williams' reluctance to have a whack at it is a fair indication of his limitations at this kind of work. There is, too, a very calculated quality about his effects, and a consequent loss of spontaneity.

But if the readings are shrewder than they are inspired, shrewdness is still a virtue. Williams knows all the tricks of sustaining attention—he has variety and contrast to spare—and he is equally able at mocking the pomposities of a Podsnap, sustaining the tenuous mood of a ghost story, or declaiming the balanced phrases which describe the oncoming Revolution in *A Tale of Two Cities.* He is especially adroit with the carnival folk of "Mr. Chops," a short story from the Christmas collection which was unfamiliar to me, and which Mr. Williams does as his next-to-closing bit; here, for the first time, I found him genuinely moving as well as technically accomplished.

Mr. Williams has put his abundant technique to the service of an author for whom he obviously has both affection and respect. On the whole, Dickens is handsomely served. (*At the Golden*)

Collector's Item

THIS little item has already been collected, and there is not much point in listing its beauties. The Lillian Day-Alfred Golden farce had to do with a family of antique dealers who found themselves stuck with a dilapidated Madame Pompadour sedan chair, who used a young lady to entice a very cultivated young man into restoring it, and who wound up equipping it with a toilet seat in order to embarrass its potential purchaser, a fashionable Washington society matron with Fascist tendencies. Don't ask me how the family came to buy the chair, how it happened to be so decrepit, why the cultivated young man was so unwilling to work on it, why the young lady was willing to throw herself at the young man, or how all that political righteousness got into the last act of a lowbrow farce. I only know that these things took place, that I asked the same questions myself, and that the authors were too busy cribbing jokes from Chic Sale to answer any of them.

Allyn Joslyn, an amiable farceur, spent the evening straining at the post, waiting for something to go to work on. And James Gregory brought a note of casual, if inexplicable, confidence to the proceedings. Otherwise, "Collector's Item" was what is inaccurately called amateurish. No honest amateur would have given it the time of day. (*Closed at the Booth*)

WALTER KERR.

The Screen

Viva Higher Standards

WHILE the films on the reviewing stand this week may never be pointed out as top-notch examples of cinema, each does deserve a hand for its praiseworthy efforts to excel in its field. As a documentary, combining photographs of art masterpieces with sound track, *"St. Matthew Passion"* is more than an interesting try. Telling the sacred story from the Gospel according to Matthew, it is a powerful film and moving experience. Music lovers may object that Bach's famous oratorio has been cut to some eighty minutes; however it has been recorded beautifully by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and sung by an excellent choir with first-rate soloists. Furthermore most of the recitative, which tells the story with the Bach score, has been retained, and it fits the visuals perfectly. Devotees of art may complain that the pictures chosen are not of a consistent high quality and that in skipping from painters of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, the styles and techniques vary too greatly. With this criticism I found myself at times in agreement, but if one accepts the film as a *tour de force,* as one must with all these art movies that use static pictures as the visuals, the story itself is so familiar and so forceful that one is carried along with complete absorption from scene to scene from the Last Supper and Gethsemane to the Entombment in spite of the variations of style, costumes and backgrounds of painters like Da Vinci, Van Dyck, Velasquez, Mantegna, Masaccio, Bosch, Rubens, Titian and the many others.

"St. Matthew Passion," originally made by Ernst Marischka in Austria (from paintings in various European museums and churches and never exhibited in this country), was re-edited by Robert Flaherty before his death last summer. Perhaps if this great master of the documentary film had lived he would have made more changes in this movie, which becomes static at times through too lengthy shots of certain paintings and through the device of showing printed words on the

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screen (a device that is unnecessary since the singing and recitative are in English and at all times clear). It would add to the beauty of the project, of course, if it could have been photographed in color. But perhaps it is wrong to cavil about this film which was made with reverence and with sincere feeling for the story of the Passion. For both the eye and the ear, "St. Matthew Passion" provides an artistic and emotional treat.

IN telling the story of the last nine years in the life of Emiliano Zapata, the makers of *"Viva Zapata!"* forget that most of us approach this Mexican liberal with little foreknowledge and that those of us who have heard of Zapata are confused by conflicting accounts. Some historians credit Zapata with being little more than a bandit who fought his way into power and then used his position for personal gain. Others say he was a revolutionary devoted to democracy, bent on restoring the land to the peasants. Perhaps when John Steinbeck, who wrote the script for this movie, started out he intended to portray Zapata as a Mexican hero, a great leader who furthered the cause of democracy for his downtrodden people by freeing them from a dictator. But between Steinbeck's original conception of Zapata and the finished movie which we have to judge, there has been many a slip. Director Elia Kazan has given us a series of historical and semi-historical scenes, some of which are dramatically moving and some artistic vignettes; added together they tell the story of a man who fought desperately hard to help his people but had cause to wonder after nine years of turbulence and bloodshed if violence really leads to peace and if the revolutions he organized really brought about change.

Although Marlon Brando seems finally to have spat out the mush that made him mumble through two movies and to have dropped some of his mannerisms, he fails to make a living, believable human being out of Zapata. Actually the fault is not Brando's. Neither the script nor Kazan's direction characterizes Zapata with emotional warmth. In a few of the romantic scenes with the woman who later became his wife (Jean Peters) and in the magnificent death scene of his licentious brother (expertly played by Anthony Quinn) Brando rises to the occasion. Perhaps he is handicapped in the talky political scenes and, in the episodes of violence, by the extraordinary make-up that freezes his face. The cast surrounding Brando is good, especially Joseph Wiseman as a fellow revolutionary who later turns against Zapata, Harold Gordon as Madero, and Lou Gilbert as a follower whom Zapata shoots as a traitor.

"Viva Zapata!" is a thoughful film, and one regrets that the homage it intended to pay to a courageous leader (a man impelled by conscience to fight for the underdog) does not come through more successfully. Darryl Zanuck has given the film a handsome production with good black-and-white photography that fits it well. This is, I believe, Elia Kazan's first big outdoor movie, and although some of his large-scale scenes with hundreds of extras are reminiscent of the great Russian directors of the twenties, they are also beautifully handled and prove striking to the eye. But perhaps Director Kazan needs the restraint of more intense and crowded drama; at times "Zapata!" has been badly edited — with the result that we are not always sure where we are and how we got there. This fault may be due to Kazan who failed to keep his lengthy scenes or connecting footage within legitimate bounds. In spite of these technical weaknesses, however, and of a certain intellectual coldness that pervades "Viva Zapata!" this film deserves to be seen. Few historical movies have stated so well the post-revolutionary problem or asked so disturbingly the questions that must be answered about all new leaders.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Communications

Religious Tensions

New York, N. Y.

TO THE Editors: With deep interest I have read the editorial, "A Voice in the Wilderness" (*February 8 issue*) and I write to express both my appreciation of the spirit in which Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr has written and the spirit of your editorial as well.

Relations between religious groups in this country are at a very low ebb and I believe that it is because these groups are not meeting in friendly conversation and conference.

So I warmly welcome your suggestion as to the holding of such conferences to consider the task which confronts us at home and abroad.

(RT. REV.) HENRY K. SHERRILL, D.D.
Presiding Bishop, Protestant Episcopal Church in The United States of America.

New York, N.Y.

TO THE Editors: Needless to say I thoroughly agree with the suggestion of a common statement and I hope very much that this can be done.

(REV.) REINHOLD NIEBUHR.
Union Theological Seminary.

Bishop Sherrill and Dr. Niebuhr have reference to a suggestion made in the editorial "A Voice in the Wilderness."

"It is time," we wrote, "that representative American Protestant, Catholic and Jewish leaders sit down together, as they did during the war when a peace-aims program was drawn up, and prepare a political (not a religious) statement, as Americans, on their common fundamental support of the principle of Church-State separation. There are many like (Dr. Niebuhr) in all camps, we feel sure. It is past time their voices were heard."

THE EDITORS.

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Movie Heroes

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE Editors: Edwin Halsey's major error in "The Defective As Movie Hero" (*February 8 issue*) is that he has made a complete separation between God and society. He complains that the protagonists of "A Streetcar Named Desire," "A Place in the Sun," and "Death of a Salesman" are crushed by "nothing more principled than a decadent society." And yet, in reality it is *through* that society that God—and the devil—work.

It is shallow, and in fact an error, to attribute the failure of Blanche DuBois, George Eastman, and Willy Loman to the supposition that they are "defectives." It was the satanic evil of our society that doomed them all, working as it was on fruitful ground in souls untouched by faith and indifferent toward God.

George Eastman (Clyde Griffiths of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*) failed not because he "didn't have all his marbles" but rather because a materialistic age gave to him a false sense of values. What makes him an *American* tragedy is that an economic system has worked its pitiful inequalities so often and so completely that he becomes simply one more person destroyed by it.

Blanche DuBois did not "absorb her sense of values from the decaying South." She was only a basically kind and gentle woman who needed to be loved. In all the world, no one would love her. Brutishness, as exemplified by Stanley, in the face of this almost psychotic *desire* to be wanted, seems to have led her to seeking security in sex and hypocrisy.

Willy Loman was not "a madman" or "an unusually stupid guy." He was a simple man who failed to *know himself*. He reached for great heights, so when he failed it was a complete failure. The business world had taught Willy that to be a success all that was necessary was to be a "good guy"; and to this modern creed he devoted his hapless life.

Admittedly, all three were weak characters. They let themselves be destroyed by a monster called "society" because they failed to accept the grace of God which was begging to be taken. But it was the evils in this Godless society that made their story tragic. George was electrocuted by economic evil; Blanche was driven mad by social evil; Willy was goaded to suicide by commercial evil.

I thank the artists who can enlighten our eyes to the horrors of a society over-run with evil. The *representative* characters they create point out to us by their tragedy that modern society cannot be fought alone. They clearly show that the only way to escape the world is to fly to God.

DONALD P. COSTELLO.

St. Louis, Mo.

TO THE Editors: The young man in "A Place in the Sun" is not typical in modern society any more than Macbeth is. He's desperately lonely, appalled by the penury about him and, like Shakespeare's "hero," has a "vaulting ambition" to improve his position. I will *not* admit, as Mr. Halsey wants us to, that he is a fool and lacking in resourcefulness. On the contrary, he is exceedingly clever and sane up to the death of the dull factory girl whom he needs to get out of the way. His desires for love, wealth and beauty are satisfied in the rich girl; only the first is satisfied in the poor girl, and now she has outlived her usefulness. It must be remembered, however, that he is a fundamentally good man who, like Macbeth, comes to his final downfall through overweening ambition after first falling through loneliness.

He may be muddled in his reasoning after that death for which he is at least morally responsible, but this does not stamp him a defective. Rather is he incapable of clear-headedness after he sees its terribleness. There is nothing strange about his confusion, for he is torn between the realization that this was wrong and the will-to-live that Mr. Halsey says he lacks. He goes to the electric chair because he is a murderer in motive if not in deed. This young man is very real, and his downfall fits the tragic mold as well as that of any Shakespearian protagonist.

The same is true of Willy Loman in "Death of a Salesman." Willy, however, is not a young man on the rise but a has-been. He isn't a madman, but he has been enfeebled by his fight to rise above himself and win the comfortable position achieved by others more gifted than he. His flaw is an overestimation of his own abilities. Willy's values are much the same as the young man's: he, too, wants wealth, which to him also means luxury and security. Willy, too, is ambitious, but he isn't as clever; he's the ordinary plodder, his chief virtues being the ability to work with his hands and an ardent desire to see his sons become great. Once again we have a man striving to improve his position, but in vain. Is Willy found only in a playwright's imagination? I think not, sad to say. His suicide wasn't purposeless, either; at his funeral, he imagined, there might be countless outstate license plates, which would show his sons how respected Willy Loman the salesman was. He's more a tired, beaten man than a "village idiot."

I think I have a case for Willy and the young man. My case for Blanche DuBois is not so strong and, frankly, I thought "Streetcar Named Desire" utterly depressing. I would hesitate to say that "there are few like [her] kicking around in the real world," for the Freudians might be able to refute me. Icannot, with my meager knowledge of psychological processes, refute Mr. Halsey. Indeed, I doubt that she is "representative."

It seems to me that the values of the first two are not merely those of a "bygone generation." Mr. Halsey is skimming the surface of the plays when he says so. He is an optimist in thinking the majority of men have a good insight into themselves and plenty of plain intelligence. I wonder how many do have these qualities. Obviously Theodore Dreiser and Arthur Miller were not so optimistic, and I do not believe Mr. Halsey has justification for such optimism. But, most of all, I do not believe that the two protagonists are defectives.

EDWARD F. JOST.

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Lewiston, Maine

TO THE Editors: I don't quite know what point Mr. Halsey is trying to make. He sounds to me like a kid who has just discovered Aristotle. Literature demands that characters be genuine, real. And it demands that they be drawn with selection, i.e. concentration. The young man of "A Place in the Sun" is all these things. Granted he is ignorant, he lacks wit. But the important thing is he is a sustained character and we never lose this essential quality. He has his fatal flaw. He *is* related to Richard II and to Brutus.

How silly to say "let authors write about man who is not merely a victim of, but also a responsible agent in, this middle world, which, after all, contains not only evil, but good." Now, how responsible can people get? Willy Loman, Blanche DuBois and any number of people die searching for this "responsibility." But isn't the point important that responsibility presupposes something to be responsible about? Isn't this what these people struggle for — something to be responsible about? And you don't have to go to Harvard to realize that their ends and/or means are wrong, bad and false. But let's not condemn Oedipus for being Oedipus.

"Acceptance" and "correlation" are two important words in art. We must accept the object (presented with artistic integrity) as it stands in the glory or the muck. But more, we must see it as correlative in the cosmic light.

I think the problem here is not so much on the part of the artist but rather the audience. The audience must know what art is before taking a stand.

WILLIAM GOODREAU JR.

Baltimore, Md.

TO THE Editors: I agree wholeheartedly that to remove the responsibility from the protagonist of any story, and place it wholly on the society in which he functions is an offense against both faith and intelligence — and, incidentally, against interest. But both the tone and the examples of Mr. Halsey seem to me pretty questionable. With an assault of this kind on *An American Tragedy* of Dresier — and on all stories of its ilk — I should have a good deal of sympathy; but "A Place in the Sun" has been so altered in content, emphasis and character that it retains virtually no element of social content whatever. Even where "Death of a Salesman" is concerned, I think Mr. Halsey is on shaky ground.

It is, however, his grouping of the Williams play with the other two, as though it were similar in theme and treatment, which seems to me to show a point of view completely untenable. In the first place, unless I greatly mistake Tennessee Williams, he is, first, a fine poet, and second, a fine dramatist (Mr. Williams might himself quarrel with *that* order) and does not in any way belong to the fraternity of writers who first conceive a criticism of some phase of society and then set out to create a puppet-victim, fashioned to illustrate their charges.

On the contrary, he starts out with a very real human being, shows how her own points of weakness, *aggravated* by circumstances perfectly adapted to their exploitation (surely even Mr. Halsey admits that circumstances trap and deform *to some degree,* else why do we discuss juvenile delinquency, for example, in relation to environment?) betray her, though, as a matter of record, she fights to the last ditch. It is Stella, her sister, whose acceptance of the life in which Blanche finds her, constitutes a complete defeat. Actually, never does Blanche totally surrender.

Nowhere is "A Streetcar Named Desire" guilty of the inference that society alone is to blame for Blanche DuBois' predicament. In a story dealing with the degeneration of any human being who is not an absolute idiot, it goes without saying that had he fought a better fight he might have won, or at the very least, come better out of the affair.

This does not blunt the pathos or diminish the force of the picture drawn, so long as he *does* fight and desire to save his soul — which your puppet-victim can never do, since he is helpless, and so, blameless. In the case of Blanche, even given a background perfectly tailored to fit her nervous and emotional vulnerability, which at no time shows itself to be that of a defective, had Stanley not been able to exploit *his friend's* weakness, Blanche might still, through her own effort and that of love, have pulled herself back to solid ground.

To miss this point is to miss Mr. Williams' entire emphasis. "It's only a paper moon, Sailing over a cardboard sea, But it needn't be make believe, if you believed in me . . . " Mr. Halsey doubtless found this mawkish, but because of distaste, he need not overlook its import.

Doubtless everyone should cut a better figure in relation to his possibilities than he does; but analysis of the parts — *the parts* — played by environment, shock, and human cruelty in his downfall is not to be confused with handing him a total excuse. Blanche is trying — lost in egotism, fright and hunger; she is, like all sinners, a Quisling; but her final debacle has dignity and pathos *because* she had both courage and perception—only not enough. She's to blame, all right, but too high a tone of virile contempt doesn't seem indicated. A break more or less, and Blanche, who was of very different stuff from Clyde Griffith or Willy Loman, might have been an unusually worthwhile human being. I am relieved that neither she nor Willy Loman has penetrated the purlieus of the Harvard Graduate School, but I do feel that on the occasions when Mr. Halsey emerges, he may well rub shoulders with either of them.

Which is most to blame for the total result — Blanche, her environment, her husband, her brother-in-law, her weak-kneed lover — is a point which not even the creator of Blanche, Mr. Williams, attempts to determine mathematically, and it would seem that an exact pronouncement along those lines could only be handled by the Creator of Mr. Williams. JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN.

Washington, D. C.

TO THE Editors: Possibly my objections to the thesis are due to a misunderstanding of the use of

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certain terms or dramatic principles. However, if such is the case, either these fundamentals have not been defined clearly for all, or Halsey's application of them is faulty.

Let us remember, first, that each of the authors of the works under discussion has presented a problem play, and not an attempt at a classical tragedy. Thus, the Aristotelian strictures that fit with comparative neatness around "Oedipus" and "King Lear" do not fully meet the growth of modern drama.

In such a movie as "A Place in the Sun," the audience is presented with an unsolved problem, one which requires serious thought on the part of the viewer. I cannot agree with Mr. Halsey's unsupported claim that "the majority of the audience . . . comes out carrying a weight of unwanted and unnecessary emotion." Does he honestly feel that Americans have lost the power to feel compassion as well as the ability to restore order in their own minds?

If, to follow his line of reasoning, the modern playwright "pretends that society 'breaks' them," why does Blanche Du Bois have no meaning outside of the context of Stanley and Stella Kowalski? Stan is evil, and he is presented as evil. Can an artist be any more faithful to reality? Blanche is shown on the verge of insanity from the beginning because of the corruption, the brutality and the hypocrisy of men like Stan. Mr. Williams is not saying that "Society is the 'villain' "; he conveys plainly that the clash of animality with the spirit has always existed where men live. If you believe that Blanche's salvation lies in "a modicum of saving skepticism and a sprinkling of a sense of humor," then man may just as well reject the notion of sympathy and return to the wisecrack.

Since Mr. Halsey does not feel that George Eastman in "A Place in the Sun" is a sufficiently representative or resourceful character, who does he propose for a protagonist? George happened to be a lonely young man of average ability and limited horizons who paid for a moral transgression. Even Aristotle did not demand that the central figure in a drama be perfect; otherwise, why would he postulate a point of realization as the crux of the tragedy?

Moreover, Mr. Halsey has not seen fit to distinguish between "dramatist" and "tragedian," the major difference being that the former creates any kind of a dramatic opus, with or without a happy ending.

Also, where did he derive his definition of the term "depressing," which he waves around rather wildly in his opening paragraph? Mr. Webster maintains that a depressed person is one who is saddened, dejected, or dispirited. But a man saddened by sordidness does not have to lose hope, and Mr. Halsey has neglected to point that out in his complaint about American movies of 1951-52. There is hope in all three dramas, just as in "Hamlet" and "The Doll's House." Good drama is rarely grasped *in toto* the first time around. It requires compassion, some intelligence and a willingness to be receptive.

Possibly, a man never feels so righteous as when he is criticizing a critic. Possibly, too, his words may deserve serious thought.

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The Long Loneliness of Dorothy Day

By H. A. REINHOLD

I WAS recently asked by a non-Catholic writer how I would explain why Dorothy Day and what he termed the "sophisticated, yet sincere and simple" young men around her were found in the Catholic Church, of all places, and were not Quakers or Unitarians. In her latest (actually her second) autobiography, *The Long Loneliness* (Harper, $3.50), Miss Day calls herself an anarchist. Just like that. But then she is speaking of Christian anarchism, called Distributism by Eric Gill, Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc. That is one of the things you must have in mind at all times when you deal with Dorothy Day: she loves the inflamed and inflaming word. In this book she somehow conveys the idea that she was a Communist once upon a time. But she was never a real Marxist. As Don Sturzo distinguishes genuine Marxian Communists from communists *"di stomaco,"* or communists of starvation, it might be useful also to distinguish the varieties of Dorothy Day's radicalism.

In her youth she was a "communist" of the heart rather than a dialectic materialist; now she is an anarchist of the heart rather than a follower of Bakunin or a bomb-throwing, church-burning, priest-disemboweling syndico-anarchist of the Catalan variety. She is simply unable to see "communists" or "anarchists" as the FBI, or Joe McCarthy, or Louis Budenz, or Walter Reuther sees them: she is so thoroughly a woman, a mother and a sister that she sees only persons, wretched lives and human failures; when she meets radicals, in spite of their wild language, she sees in them only wounded, flaming hearts. Their radical bitterness and cold-blooded Machiavellianism shock her less than the respectable smugness of, well, let us say it, most of us.

I am not going to say much about *The Long Loneliness*. To me it sounds a bit weary, disenchanted, repetitious, rather too meditative; somehow the picture is painted by a faint hand and the colors are wan with sadness. Or is it that peace has entered and given its author perspective? I have no copy of her previous books, *From Union Square to Rome* and *House of Hospitality*. I have not read the *Catholic Worker* for many years. I have not seen Dorothy Day since 1943, nine long years ago. So this book and its detailed story of the "heroic age" of the Catholic Worker movement is very touching. It brought ten years of personal association back to me.

IT must have been in 1933 or '34, while I was in New York on a visit from Bremerhaven, that I first heard of Dorothy Day. A Brooklyn friend took me to the basement headquarters of the Catholic Worker on 15th Street in lower Manhattan. I did not get the right impression then, because it was one of those futile evenings when two disputants hogged the floor and indulged in violent name-calling—it was the first time I heard the word "kike." In a futile attempt to translate the German word *"unternehmer"* I had everybody wondering when I spoke of the "undertakers" in the German shipping business, until Dorothy Day made the right guess and told the audience that I obviously did not mean morticians but employers. My cicerone for the evening cautioned me not to assume that the meeting was typical, and frequent contacts from then on changed my first impression of bewilderment to profound admiration.

I had come to America, first on visits, then as an immigrant, in 1936, with all the prejudice a European with an average university background naturally has. This is especially so with Catholics who, skipping over whole generations of American native achievement, best represented by men like John L. Spalding and Orestes Brownson, view their American co-religionists as docile, crude, culturally retarded, letter-of-the-law parishioners with that generosity found in the nice fellow who made some money and spends it in a nice, generous way, letting the whole world know that he knows he is a safe touch. The average European Catholic critic, like Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, who does it professionally, or Evelyn Waugh, represents American Catholics as frantically trying to keep up with the Protestant Joneses in a kind of touching, plebeian way. He has heard of the flair that American chancery offices have for executive efficiency, of meetings on the problems of the poor which are held in posh hotels, of imitation cathedrals which cry for stately liturgies but deliver low Masses minus sermons in rapid half hour succession—and don't think those things are absent in Europe — and of a nearness to the people of a fatherly clergy, who are very close to Pat and Mike, so the story goes, because they share their likes and dislikes. And since it is harder for a priest in the East — this certainly does not apply to the far West at all — to see a live Bishop, or even a Monsignor, than the Pope himself, the true character of the American Church could not reveal itself to me via buildings, chanceries that were run like large insurance offices, and the official representatives of Catholic life.

It was through lay people that I received an insight into the strength, depth and spiritual qualities of American Catholicism, above all through those for whom, quite obviously, Dorothy Day and her group were the top leaders. I don't say that I might not have received an even better evaluation had I then met the more representative clergy. I only say that my status as a kind of free-lance clergyman on the loose shut the doors of chanceries and rectories to me and that lay people and their clerical friends, like Dom Virgil Michel, Father George B. Ford and others, received me. And this was all to the good.

DOROTHY DAY, a Christian "anarchist," a pacifist, a bohemienne who had defied respectable conven-

Father Reinhold, pastor of St. Joseph's, Sunnyside, Washington, is a leader in the liturgical movement.

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tions by breaking her common-law marriage and taking her daughter into a life of financial insecurity fulfilled many promises. She may have a deeper influence on shaping American Catholicism than many of the official and semi-official movements in our national Catholic life.

Whatever its merits and however haphazardly it was carried out, the New Deal was a deep spiritual experience for a whole nation. The ripples and waves on the surface may have presented a confused pattern of partisan strife and carried debris, weed and corpses with them, but the profound ground swell below was one of reflection, self-examination, an outraged sense of justice and the awakening of deep and valid human urges. I believe that Dorothy Day was the Catholic symbol of all this and conveyed, to the élite and the masses, too, what had been the lifelong cause of such great priests as John A. Ryan and Virgil Michel. While poverty and exploitation were the catalyst of Marxian Socialism on the Continent, the American climate is happily impervious to such mad unilateralism, to steal a good term used by the French Dominican Yves Congar.

It was Dorothy Day's conscience that opened the portals of the Catholic heart for America to see the Church in a new light. And it is the glory of the American hierarchy and clergy that even when they were in disagreement with her methods they received her with kindness, let her speak, helped her financially and spoke of her in kindly, fatherly terms.

THE celibacy of the Western Church had a by-product that ought to be studied. Hildegard of Bingen, Catherine of Siena, Teresa of Avila and other great women have soundly influenced the Church in the gentle but forceful, dedicated but practical, visionary but realistic way of patience and meekness, which the churchmen of their day humbly, even gladly, accepted, yet would probably not have accepted were they not free of marital ties and the daily experience of a woman companion.

The veiled mystery of womanhood which celibate clerics approach with awe gives such great women their due influence and elicits in them the more noble, gentlemanly and fatherly instincts. Dorothy Day, as is clear from her pure and compassionate life story, has never abused her unique position. Her humility has prevented her from becoming the kind of matriarch exemplified in those ancient and recent women heresiarchs who were so well portrayed in Ronald Knox's *causeries* on enthusiasm, or Dakin's book on Mrs. Eddy.

Dorothy Day would be the last one to claim perfection for herself, or to want me, as seems to be customary these days, to compare her confessions with Saint Augustine's. I think that, without so much as putting it in a letter, she and I have agreed to disagree on many of the questions Christians may disagree on because only special revelation could establish the facts clearly enough for definite decisions. What she calls Christian anarchism is, I think, something fit for a pre-industrial society or for a world empire whose initial stages would dangerously resemble totalitarianism and whose birth would mean violence and at least a temporary dictatorship of the elect.

Her thorough discussion of pacifism makes it clear that she understands the objections raised by the opposition but that her own answers satisfy her searching, honest heart and head. But historical parallels won't do. The Christians in the Roman Empire, it is true, faced tyranny, but a tyranny that presided over an animate pluralism which is almost essentially different from today's perfected totalitarianism.

That sinful people are forced to hang or electrocute a criminal is distasteful to Christian and humanitarian secularist alike. But man could not live in a society without judicial sanctions. Mass bombings, atom bombs, guided missiles and total mobilization give Miss Day the right to question whether such means are fit to enforce the ends of freedom, justice or even sheer survival, a right which she does not hesitate to exercise. But I think conscientious objectors are grateful for the protection they receive in our country, which they would not enjoy for a minute were the totalitarians to win out. Only evoke the images of *Darkness at Noon,* of Cardinal Mindszenty, of Orwell's *1984* and the answer seems to be less plausible. Yet it is Dorothy Day's merit to be our living and fearless conscience. She has enriched American Catholicism with the best Protestant Christianity had to offer.

AT TIMES her siding with the ragged, the unwashed, the slighted and disinherited appears exasperatingly morbid. Her enemies, if she has any, may even call for Freud, but then again she represents something new in the Christian world, akin to Gandhi, to Nehru, something now needed as the Church of Christ enters a new era.

The Catholic Church is what puzzled outsiders call a "complex of opposites." In spite of the thick crust of institutional strata, it is delicately alive, responding sensitively to new irritants of human need. Dorothy Day has never been protected by a religious garb; her kind of poverty is not like that of the nun who is well looked after until death; she does not live in a clean orderly convent; she and her group enjoy no communal liturgy with its elevating sacramental unity. We bow in reverence, in our well-furnished rectories and homes, before the majesty of such example.

I hope readers now see for themselves the answer to the question of why Dorothy Day is a Catholic.

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Books

Adventures in Two Worlds. A. J. Cronin. McGraw-Hill. $4.

IF THESE fragments of recollection read more like an adventure in the art of the short story than an adventure in the realm of biography, this is perhaps inevitable. Dr. Cronin is a born story teller and he tells his stories with gusto and a lavish use of color.

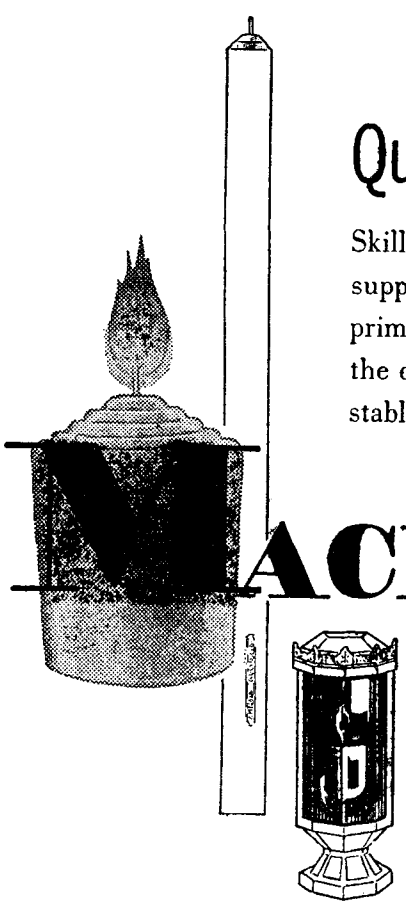
Here are some, but not all, of the backgrounds that gave us such books as *Hatter's Castle, The Citadel,* and *The Keys of the Kingdom.* We learn at first hand about the fiery Scots-Irish doctor, who came up the hard way and who fought against bigotry wherever he met it. We get a glimpse of his early struggles, his later triumphs, his basic philosophy. Still, when all is said and reported, the reader is left with the feeling that there is much more that could be revealed.

The note of faith is strong and clear throughout the book. The virtues of charity and justice are here in abundance. The imminence of God and the oneness of man are everywhere apparent and yet, in spite of many heart-warming characterizations, the book is more dogmatic than persuasive. Dr. Cronin knows what to prescribe for a sick world and he does so in forthright fashion. For those who believe, the diagnosis will be familiar and consoling. For those who do not believe, the diagnosis may seem more like an old-fashioned lecture: the conclusions are positive but is it enough to be positive?

Making due allowance for the fact that this is obviously not the usual approach to biography—the copyright notices indicate that some of the chapters have been assembled over a period of ten years or more—there are bravura aspects of the book which may be annoying to some readers. Every bit of material is constantly dramatized, every portrait is carefully posed. There is little feeling of exploring source materials before they have been transformed at the hands of a master story teller. At moments there is an almost cloying tone, the overlay of adjective upon adjective suggesting an extended serial in a popular magazine. Everything is rounded off: the characters are meticulously balanced, the moral is artfully sketched in, the climax comes always at just the right place. And there is a certain amount of conscious self-depreciation which creeps in from time to time.

The following passage, for instance, is typical of many:

> In my waiting room I found the Reverend Mother standing by the window, a tall, slender, distinguished figure, supremely graceful in her dark sweeping habit and spotless white coif, and, despite the coarse serge of her robe, of an elegance which at once informed me that she was French. She turned as I entered, revealing a pale, delicately modelled face, the nose long and straight, a noble brow, pressed



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by its circlet of linen, luminous eyes in which, however, there burned a fire of energy and purpose.

"I am Mother Cecile, Doctor. I have meant so often to call upon you, for I have seen you occasionally in church . . . such an excellent example to everyone."

At this tribute to my piety, wholly unwarranted, betraying such ignorance of my true character, I had the grace to be confused.

These, however, may be minor considerations for many readers. Dr. Cronin has a warm spot in his heart for America—he was here during the war on assignment to the British Ministry of Information — and unquestionably a large part of the American reading public still has a warm regard for him. He is a rugged fighter for social justice, though somewhat on the conservative side of things. He has no use for narrow denominationalism. He is inclined to love the stranger at the door, regardless of his faith. For all of these qualities, he deserves our respect and admiration. The style is a little rich, but his heart is in the right place.

EMMET LAVERY.

I Led 3 Lives. Herbert A. Philbrick. McGraw-Hill. $3.50.

FOR NINE years, a young Boston advertising salesman led three lives: as a respected citizen in his community; as a trusted (to the extent that Communists trust each other) member of the Communist Party; and as a counterspy working within the Party for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Herbert Philbrick's ordeal ended when he was called by the government to testify in the trial against the eleven leaders of the Communist Party in April, 1949.

Mr. Philbrick's account of his experience is written with tasteful restraint. There is little of the cloak-and-dagger suspense ordinarily associated with spy-counterspy narratives; and there is none of the unhealthy enjoyment of kleiglight publicity affected by many former American Communists.

The special value of *I Led 3 Lives* resides in Mr. Philbrick's description of how Communists think and work, how they stimulate agitation and class hatreds; how they thrive on existing social injustices; how they infiltrate and either take over directly or control indirectly innocent, non-Communist organizations.

Towards the end of his book, Mr. Philbrick makes a few judgments which should be read and pondered by the professional "anti-Communists" in this country—people who think they have discharged their civic duty to the United States by screaming piously about the Communists and labeling everybody who does not think in their "orthodox," reactionary fashion as either Communists or dupes or Communists.

"Failure to distinguish between (the four basic types of 'front' organizations) and to understand the Communist party's methods and aims," writes Mr. Philbrick, "is one of the greatest weaknesses of the anti- Communist forces, and a source of many injustices. Blanket condemnations such as those of the House Un-American Activities Committee, which black-list entire organizations because of the presence of a few Communists, frequently harm innocent persons. Guilt by association merely strengthens the hand of agitators in their attacks upon infringements of civil liberties."

Similarly the Mundt-Nixon bill, which would have outlawed the Communist party, would strengthen, not weaken, the Party, writes Mr. Philbrick. If declared illegal, the Party merely decentralizes, goes deeper underground and makes it doubly difficult for the FBI and other security organizations to keep track of Communist activities. "It was for reasons such as these that the FBI, including Director J. Edgar Hoover," writes Mr. Philbrick, "publicly opposed outlawing the Communist Party. Many people felt it would merely drive them underground and make them all the more dangerous and elusive. Although this type of campaign against them might serve the political ambitions of some of the more vocal politicians, it would not hurt the Party."

The country owes a deep debt of gratitude to Herbert A. Philbrick and others like him, men who volunteered their services, energy, time and intelligence to the government in its efforts to contain a tough and dangerous enemy. While few of us are in a position to make his special contribution to the common good, all of us can make the positive contribution of working to remove the social injustices on which Communism thrives; and the negative contribution of refraining from echoing the demagogues who sow suspicion and distrust and confusion with their slanderous accusations leveled against anybody who even looks liberal.

DONALD McDONALD.

History and Human Relations. Herbert Butterfield. Macmillan. $3.50.

THESE reflections of an eminent historian and Cambridge don deserve to be read by every historian, and by everyone who agrees with Professor Butterfield that one cannot understand the whole of the present without understanding the whole of the past. His argument runs as follows.

Great conflicts in human history, including even the World Wars of the twentieth century, are not clear-cut struggles between right and wrong, as they appear to the participants, but are rather the outcome of terrible dilemmas in which each side may sometimes have the best of intentions while suspecting the other of having the worst. The great struggle of recent times is to Professor Butterfield the contest between Germany and Russia for control of Central and Eastern Europe, and he seems to care little for either of the adversaries.

Amid these grim realities men all too easily lose sight of the Christian duty of love, or they tend to love mankind in the abstract rather than their actual neighbors as Christ commanded, or they lapse into a self-righteousness which Professor Butter-

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field seems to regard as almost the worst of all attitudes. Although he himself holds that men are so conditioned by the historical milieu in which they operate as not to be fully free agents, he condemns the rigid and oversimplified approach to the complex problems of history which Marxist writers have displayed.

Professor Butterfield approaches the difficult problem of moral judgments on past personalities and events with much greater caution than did his strict and forthright predecessor Lord Acton. Although he clearly admits the reality and importance of moral values, he holds that the historian's true function is merely to analyze and explain, not to justify or condemn. The duty of the Christian historian, Professor Butterfield believes, is to strive for the maintenance of free inquiry and to give an important place in his studies to the role of human personality.

Perhaps the most searching part of the book is the chapter on what Professor Butterfield calls the dangers of history. Propaganda and prejudices all too often tend to find their way into historical writings, and thereby tend to keep alive animosities which might otherwise die a natural death. Those who get their history from textbooks, as most of us do, seldom come to an understanding of this problem, for the way in which history is taught in schools is fundamentally unsound. In the natural sciences and foreign languages the student starts with very simple and concrete facts, and only when he has progressively mastered them does he move on to generalizations and hypotheses. In history, on the other hand, he begins with the generalizations, which naturally vary according to the nationality of the student in question, and only in the advanced stages of his work, if he ever reaches them, does he begin to carry on original research and understand the dangers of generalization. Historical training may render a man's mind less able than before to cope with the problems of the present. "A little history may make people mentally rigid."

Professor Butterfield expresses serious reservations with regard to the flood of "official histories" now pouring from the bureaucracies of the world, and from private historians in collaboration with them. Official history tends to be written too soon after the event, he finds, to omit or alter embarrassing evidence, and to become little more than glorified propaganda. The danger to which he points is very real, especially since the growing difficulty which scholars find in making a living is driving more and more of them to seek some sort of official employment or patronage.

Finally, Professor Butterfield distinguishes two types of historian, the literary and the critical. The former try to make the past come to life, the latter ask questions about it. He himself obviously would prefer to be considered one of the latter.

Still, this book itself shows him to be a literary craftsman, for it is well written and interesting. The only complaints which might be lodged against it are concerned with matters of viewpoint. Professor Butterfield seems to underrate the importance of

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the ideological element in recent history. It is not necessary to maintain that our side is wholly virtuous in order to feel that Communism represents a tremendous danger which must be fought with all our strength, and that its aims and methods are worse than those of Tsarist Russia, of which Professor Butterfield sometimes seems to consider it a mere continuation.

Again, he places rather too much emphasis, to my way of thinking, on diplomatic history, his own field of study. Since international relations generally reflect the religious, cultural, political, economic, and social condition of the nations concerned, to emphasize diplomatic relations at the expense of these other matters is to put the cart before the horse. Finally, Professor Butterfield's mental horizon seems to be circumscribed by the limits of the Western world. Perhaps he feels unqualified to discuss the history of other areas, but he still ought to realize that the view, which he ascribes to Churchill and with which he apparently agrees, that "there is a Western Civilization that must be defended against the less civilized East," is a generalization unworthy of a serious historian.

In the first place, much of the West's spiritual and material culture is derived from the East, and in the second place this absurd generalization when applied to the present generally leads to a mistaken belief that Russia, whose culture is basically European, is the successor of the Asiatic nomads who once threatened the existence of Europe. Churchillian platitudes of this kind about East and West do little to help us understand our present predicament, and nothing at all to help us gain the respect and confidence of those Eastern peoples whose support we must have if we and they are to survive.

HAROLD C. HINTON.

Strange Lands and Friendly People. William O. Douglas. Harper. $4.

JUSTICE Douglas likes to travel off the beaten path, preferably in rugged country and among people who are remote enough to need an introduction from the author.

Douglas is a modern edition of the philosophical traveler of the Enlightenment. His travels are used to philosophize and to preach. His "Persian Letters" offer no satire on western life. They express the universal equality and brotherhood in which he so obviously believes. But he approvingly reports that the Kurds, Indians and others particularly share with us a community of wants, a desire for the welfare state.

His book offers a moral and a powerful message. The wants of these economically undeveloped people are morally just, and challenge us to associate our own advance towards a welfare state with aid programs for "strange lands and friendly people." In the long run, the Justice argues, this program will also contribute to the containment of Communism. Asia provides no possibility of military resistance to the Soviet Union. This recently emancipated continent urgently requires a political, not a military, approach — and "political alli-

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ances of an enduring nature will be built not on the power of guns and dollars but on affection."

A highly selective process guides him to his conclusions. He makes many wise remarks, for example about landownership. But his overall solution with its political emphasis is reached by almost completely ignoring current politics. In Iran, for example, he went to the grass roots tribes but not to Teheran. His foreign policy consists of our government's reaching out to alien people, as though their governments did not exist. Only in India and Israel, whose governments he approves, does he pay much attention to political realities. At the root of his error is the characteristically American concern that people like people. Foreign policy may be influenced by sentiments, but sentiment is not the basis for it. The citizens of a state are not primarily held together by affection. A community of values is fundamental in a state and in an international association, although power needs may require alliance with Communist Yugoslavia.

Justice Douglas writes well, even movingly at times. But the reformer often misses the human tragedy and the human comedy. A Persian officer told him: "Give a Kurd a horse, a gun, a mountain and about seven women and he'll be perfectly happy." This modicum does not satisfy the author, who remarks: "It seemed to me that in Persia, as in our own country, the military mind did not have any real understanding of the ingredients of peace."

M. A. FITZSIMONS.

REVIEWERS

Emmet Lavery is a Broadway playwright and Hollywood screen writer.

Donald McDonald is a member of the editorial staff of the *Catholic Messenger*, Davenport, Iowa.

Harold C. Hinton teaches at Georgetown University.

M. A. Fitzsimons is a member of Notre Dame's Political Science Department.

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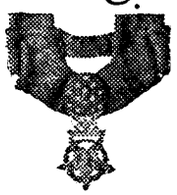

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